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The following song was written for the late Bridge-water Cattle show, by B. Brown, Esq. of Boston, and sung with great effect.

## TIE PLOUGH.

When I am with his blooming rib,  
By the behest of Heaven,  
From Paradise, his native home,  
All sorrowing was driven,  
The curse primal, though so hard,  
A blessing was, I trow,  
That she should nurse her little babes,  
While he should guide the plough.

So our great ancestor became,  
A farmer of the soil,  
And millions of his children too,  
And sharers in the toil.  
We clear and beautify the fields;  
We drain the miry slough;  
We wield the sickle and the flail,  
And guide the sturdy plough.

Of all the stations here on earth,  
The farmer ranks the first,  
Though some may reckon him debased,  
For toiling in the dust.  
'Tis nature's calling he pursues,  
As, with a steady brow,  
He turns the soil all upside-down,  
And guides the sturdy plough.

When Spring in all its merriment  
Overgrows the fields with green,  
And nought save notes of joy is heard,  
And farmer turns his tillage lands,  
And who's so happy now  
As he, while, whistling to his team,  
He guides the shining plough.

Sometime joy full well he knows,  
And it may hap, a care;  
For none may think to be exempt  
From common lot and share.  
His wife, she deems it her concern  
To milk the bonny cow,  
And cheer her ruddy husband, as  
He guides the sturdy plough.

For love of wealth, some get ensnared  
In speculation's toils;  
And others, when disasters come,  
Are scrambling for the spoils;  
Still do the prudent farmer pay  
To industry his vow,  
Nor heed the struggle nor the strife,  
But steady guides the plough.

Good rule and order he maintains;  
He lives in peace with all;  
And, to defend his country's rights,  
He's ready for the call.  
Now, to be ever thus content,  
Say, would you know how?  
'Tis but to mind your own affairs,  
And steady guide the plough.

From the Boston Statesman.

## THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW FOR OCT.—No. 1.

We proceed to give our readers a taste both of the seasoned and solid courses spread before them in this first number of the *National Periodical*, to which we called their attention last week.

The 12th article provides a *bonny bouche* for readers of all parties. It is graphic—it is dramatic—it is impartially pungent. It is entitled "Glances at Congress"—and after some preliminary remarks on the Proclamation which convened the extra session—and a description of the Representatives' Hall, the pillars of which, according to John Randolph, look like "huge Bologna sausages, dipped at the ends in salt,"—our "Reporter" plunges into the midst of things.

"The Sergeant-at-Arms is whispering, near yonder green door, to a stranger who has found his way upon the floor without permission. The uninvited makes his blushing bow to the polite official, and disappears. The portly clerk is busy at his desk; and that stentorian voice, which so often stuns my ear like the discharge of a regiment of rifles, is now happily silent. The vigilant Speaker looks grave, anxious and thin, his dark eye ever on the *qui vive*, his head bent forward as usual. But hear—'Mr. Speaker!'—and a young man has caught his eye. It is Henry A. Wise, from Accomac, Va.—where his personal popularity is unbounded. He is tall, pale and thin, about 30 years of age—perhaps not so much. He dresses like an old man, though his general appearance is very youthful. He is very slovenly in his apparel, his coat hanging like a miller's bag on his shoulders. His face, I said, is pale, and his white cravat adds to his appearance of livid pallor; but he has a dark and brilliant eye, which seems sometimes to flash almost unearthly rays of light over his whole countenance. His hair is light, and always in a disordered state. All his predominant characteristics are brought out with great rapidity—firmness, impetuosity, a disdain for honeyed words, fierce sarcasm—and invective, all gather into a hurricane and startle the drowsy members from the lounges, and wake up the reporters. His forte lies in invective; then he becomes, to those whose

party sympathies follow his own excited train of feeling, thrilling: his pale and excited face, his firm and compact head thrown back, his small bony hand clenched in the air, or with a forefinger quivering, as if all the passion of the orator was concentrated there, his eyes brilliant and fixed, his voice high, yet sonorous, impress a picture too vivid to be easily erased from the mind. A stranger of his own party, on coming into the Hall for the first time, at such a moment, compared his appearance to that of a corpse galvanized. But Mr. Wise's best talents are rendered all but useless by his intemperance of manner, and a certain unsoundness and obliquity of judgment almost akin to monomania. The idea has seized upon an energetic but unbalanced mind, whose genius is unbalanced by a grain of common sense, that the Administration is a perfect augen stable, and that he is the Hercules who is to sweep away its accumulated corruptions. Mr. W. exerts no moral force in Congress; and his most violent tirades are often scantly deemed worthy a reply."

"Near to Mr. Wise sits a gentleman with an unhealthy complexion, and rather singular face—one of the most remarkable men of the body. His hair, brushed back from his forehead, is long and curly; his eye is keen, stern and intelligent; he generally dresses well, and his usual companion is a heavy ivory-headed cane. He appears to be a nervous man, one of those men of deep but quiet enthusiasm who never fail to make themselves both marked and felt, which they put forth the slumbering powers within them. This gentleman is Eli Moore, of the city of New York. He was formerly a journeyman printer; but possessing talents and ambition, and an enthusiasm in a cause which can never fail to draw forth the sympathies and support of the mass of our people, he soon raised himself over the shoulders of other aspirants, and won a seat in Congress. Last winter Mr. Moore made his debut."

Here our Reporter proceeds to give an account of the reply made by Mr. Moore to the attack of Gen. Waddy Thompson upon the Trades Unionists and Mechanics of the North. The description concludes as follows:—

"The whole House was excited at the novelty and boldness of his democratic doctrines. I overheard some gentlemen from the South say, that they thought they heard the high priest of the revolution singing his war song. A bevy of members had gradually collected immediately behind the orator, whose voice still rang loud in the Hall in the midst of an impassioned passage. My eye was fixed upon him; I saw him grow paler than ever, till a deadly hue swept over his face; his hands were arrested in the air—he grasped at emptiness—a corpse seemed to stand with outstretched hands before the agitated crowd—his eyes were closed—he tottered, and, amid the rush and exclamations of the House, fell back insensible into the arms of one of his friends. Mr. Moore was borne from the Hall. His wife had been watching him with emotions that may be imagined from the gallery. The scene had been worked up into a catastrophe, and never before had I seen the House so agitated as on this occasion."

The Reporter next presents us with a highly flattering picture of Mr. Caleb Cushing, too long to copy, and far too highly colored to suit the tastes of those in this quarter who know the original better than his eulogist. Indeed we suspect there is a sly vein of irony running through the whole;—take, for instance this paragraph:—

"He is evidently a very ambitious young man, but his ambition is of a high and honorable character;—and though the discovery did not fail to be made, in his very early youth; and embodied in a happy epigram, by a Lady of his native town, Newburyport, (not the least eminent among the lady poets of our day,) that his name rhymed most harmoniously with 'pushing.' I have no fear that Mr. Cushing will ever use any other than means worthy of his high character to 'push' himself to those distinctions which would be the certain result of his abilities, if his politics were of a more popular cast."

The Reporter's most powerful description is that of John Quincy Adams. We have room only, as in the preceding extracts, for a few scattered passages.

"Our attention is now attracted to a ray of light that glitters on the apex of a bald and noble head, 'located' on the left of the House, in the neighborhood of the Speaker's Chair. It proceeds from that wonderful man who in his person combines the agitator, poet, philosopher, statesman, critic and orator—John Quincy Adams. There he sits, hour after hour, day after day, with untiring patience, never absent from his seat, never voting for an adjournment, vigilant as the most jealous member of the House, his ear ever on the alert, always prepared to go into the profoundest questions of state, or the minutest points of order. We look at him and mark his cold and fearful eye, his stern and abstracted gaze, and conjure up phantoms of other scenes. We look upon a more than King, who has filled every department in his native land, still at his post; he who was the President of Millions, now the representative of forty old thousand, quarrelling about trifles or advocating high principles; to day growling and sneering at the House with an abolition petition in his

trembling hand, and anon lording it over the passions, and lashing the members into the wildest state of enthusiasm by his indignant and emphatic eloquence. Alone, unspoken to, unconsulted, never consulting with others, he sits apart, wrapped in his reveries, or probably he is writing, his almost perpetual employment. He looks enfeebled, but yet he is never tired; worn out, but ever ready for the combat; melancholy, but let a witty thing fall from any member, and that old man's face is wreathed in smiles. He appears passive, put woe to the unfortunate member that hazards an arrow at him—the eagle is not swifter in his flight than Mr. Adams; with his agitated finger quivering in sarcastic gesticulation, he seizes upon his foe and, amid the amazement of the House, rarely fails to take signal vengeance. His stores of knowledge on every subject, garnered up through the course of his extraordinary life, in the well arranged store-house of a memory which is said never to have permitted a single fact to escape it, give him a great advantage over all comers in encounters of this kind. He is a wonderful, extraordinary genius. He belongs to no party, nor does any party belong to him. He is of too cold a nature to be long a party leader. He is original, of very peculiar ideas, and perfectly fearless and independent in expressing and maintaining them. His manner of speaking is peculiar; he rises abruptly, his face reddens, and, in a moment throwing himself into the attitude of a veteran gladiator, he prepares for the attack; then he becomes full of gesticulation, his body sways to and fro, self-command seems loose, his head is bent forward in his earnestness till it sometimes touches the desk; his voice sometimes breaks, but he pursues his subject through all its bearings—noting daunts him—the House may ring with cries of order—order!—unmoved, contemptuous—he stands amid the tempest, and like an oak that knows its gnarled and knotted strength, stretches his arm forth and defies the blast."

"Opposite to Mr. Adams, on the right of the Speaker, sits a small man who is engaged in the perusal of a huge mass of documents;—occasionally he applies a double quizzing glass to his eye, raises his head and gazes earnestly around the Hall. He is bald on the crown of his head, his forehead broad and high, and more striking than the lower part of his face. This gentleman is Mr. Cambreleng, of New York, Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, and by his political opponents styled 'the leader of the Administration party in the House.' Mr. Cambreleng sits in warm quarters, for immediately before him are Messrs. Bell, of Tennessee, and Wise, of Virginia. Mr. C. is as regular in his attendance in the House as Mr. Adams. As soon as the Speaker raps with his ivory stamp upon the table, and calls the House to order, Mr. Cambreleng is seen to apply his glasses and scrutinize the members present. He seldom converses with the other members, scarcely ever leaves his seat, but busies himself in the examination of papers; nor does he appear to pay the slightest attention to debate, and yet he never permits one word to escape, and should any thing be said peculiarly unpleasant, from a political opponent, he is ready for a retort. His elocution is sometimes a little inflated, but he is remarkably fluent, and his language is always chaste and appropriate. He is one of the ablest and most efficient members of the House; his consistency in an honest democratic creed of politics, his boldness and clear-sightedness, have placed him in a commanding position before the country."

"Dressed in a full suit of black, with a black bosom, light hair, and a sunny face, the Hon. Ogden Hoffman, of New York city, has risen to address his maiden speech to the House. Mark with what graceful emphasis he delivers himself—how musical his voice, though without much compass—how opposite his gestures! A crowd has gathered around him; he evidently makes a sensation. He is bitterly opposed to the Administration, and gives utterance to his sentiments with peculiar eloquence. As he sits down the Hon. Mr. Preston, of the Senate, shakes him by the hand. The last time I heard Mr. Hoffman speak, was in New York, on the occasion of the great democratic victory of the election of Gen. Jackson and Mr. Van Buren, of whom he had been an ardent supporter, not quite one little lustre ago. I shall never forget the brilliancy and force of his eloquence at that period, on that theme. However, the theme and side are, it is to be presumed, immaterial to so ingenious a young lawyer. He was one of those weaker vessels who fell away from the truth during the panic period—that time that tried men's souls. It is a pity that such fine talents must hereafter be paralyzed by such a position. It can never be possible for him to exert any great moral force or opposition to Mr. Van Buren's administration. The ghosts of his not yet forgotten sentiments and speeches, must rise up too often in judgment before him, when on the eve of any intended exertions, with the depressing cry—'Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow.'"

## CROPS OF THE PAST SEASON.

As the harvest is now over, it may not be unprofitable to look back and see what have been the results of the season, and of the labors

of the farmer. The first part of the season, and indeed the whole of it, has been what may be called a cold one. We have had a few sultry days; but the nights have been uncommonly cold; indeed we have not had a half of a dozen during the whole of the summer past that might be called real "corn nights." Notwithstanding this, with the exception of grass—every thing planted, in this vicinity, at least, grew, or threw out tops to an uncommon degree. The corn—the potatoes—the wheat, and the oats—in fact, almost every thing cultivated,—pushed out stem and leaf astonishingly.

The grass, or hay crop has been light. We should think, taking the State throughout, that not so much hay was cut as there was last year. The abundance of straw and roots will supply the deficiency in a great degree. Indian corn has not amounted to much. Occasionally a field upon burnt land, or upon warm early soils has done well. There is more raised than there was last year; but that is not worth bragging about. Wheat has done wonderfully well, with the exception of a section of country—say 15 or 20 miles around Augusta, in which the grain worm has done much mischief—there were never such crops of wheat before. The straw has been large and the kernel uncommonly well filled and sound. It has been estimated by those who have had an opportunity to know, that Maine has this year rendered herself independent in regard to bread-stuff. Should this be the case, it is a proud day for her; and she may well exult in the results of her labor. May she now continue to look steadily to her best interests and march forward to the high station which she may take if she will.

Oats are exceedingly well grown and abundant. Barley has done uncommonly well, although not a great quantity was sowed; our farmers not having been in the habit of cultivating this crop in any considerable quantities. Rye has produced well, both winter and spring crops. Not so much of this grain is grown in Maine as there might be and ought to be.

Buckwheat,—not much of this crop is cultivated among us. It has done well, however. Potatoes have yielded a far better crop than was anticipated at one period. They are of good size and excellent in quality—never better, and as a greater quantity was cultivated last summer than usual, the supply is abundant.

Of Ruta Baga there is a great yield. We are rejoiced to see an increase of this valuable crop every year. More of them being planted last spring, a greater supply this fall is the result. Other esculent roots have also yielded well. Indeed, although our summer and autumn have been a cold one, and the times have been pressing, and many were sick at heart and full of despondency as they struggled against the ills of life and the poor prospects before them, Providence has so ordered it that the supply of the necessities of life has come in richly and abundantly. Of apples there are enough, though not quite so many as in former years. We are happy to see the farmers making preparations pretty extensively for another year. The plough has been in great demand and use this fall. Good. Keep this instrument in motion. Lay on the manure, and there can be little danger of starving.—*Maine Farmer.*

## ECONOMIES.

*How to save oil and candles.*—Use sun-light two hours in the morning, and dispense with candles and lamps two hours after 9, P. M. The morning sun-light is much cheaper and better than evening lamp-light.

*How to save expense in clothing.*—Purchase that which is at once decent, and the most durable; and wear your garments despite the frequent changes of fashion, till it becomes too debased to appear decent; then turn and wear it henceforth as long as it protects the body. A blue coat is as warm after fashion requires a green one, as it ever was. A red shawl in fashion to-day, is as comfortable as a black one which fashion requires to-morrow. A few years hence your fame will not depend upon the style, color or quality of the broadcloth you wear in 1837.

*How to save time.*—Have a place for every thing, and when you have done using it, return it to its place. This will save much time in hunting after articles which are thrown carelessly aside and lie you know not where.

*How to save expenses in traveling.*—Cultivate the bump of inhibitive-ness; and if you want to go a mile or two, walk rather than hire an establishment at the livery stable. This will be for the health of your body, as well as a security of your purse from languishment.

*How to save little matters.*—Procure a book and keep an exact account of all your expenditures. At the expiration of three months, review the account and see how much you have expended in four penny and nine penny items which you could have done without as well as not. Then see to it that each ensuing quarter shall be minus just those things. In many cases the aggregate would be found more considerable than you would be aware of, unless you kept such an account.

*How to save your property.*—If your house should be consumed by fire.—Get insured. No one is entitled to much charity after he suffers loss, if he neglects so easy a method of securing himself.

## DEMOCRACY.

The following beautiful extract is the conclusion of a speech of the Hon. Wm. ALLEN, senator in congress from Ohio, delivered at a late festival in that state:

"Democracy is a sentiment not to be appalled, corrupted or compromised. It knows no baseness; it covers to no danger; it oppresses no weakness. Fearless, generous, and humane, it rebukes the arrogant, cherishes honor, and sympathizes with the humble. It asks nothing but what it concedes; it concedes nothing but what it demands. Destructive only of despotism, it is the sole conservative of liberty, labor and property. It is the sentiment of freedom of equal obligation. It is the law of nature pervading this law of the land. The stupid, the selfish, and the base in spirit may denounce it as a vulgar thing; but in the history of our race, the democratic principle has developed and illustrated the highest moral and intellectual attributes of our nature. Yes! that is a noble, magnanimous, a sublime sentiment, which expands our affections, enlarges the circle of our sympathies and elevates the soul of man, until claiming an equality with the best, he rejects as unworthy his dignity, any political immunities over the humblest of his fellows. Yes! it is an ennobling principle—and may that spirit which animated our fathers, in the revolutionary contest for its establishment continue to animate us; their sons, to the impending struggle for its preservation."

**N. YORK ELECTION.** At the late election in the State of New York, it is satisfactorily ascertained that the Federalists have carried a large majority of the Assembly. There is no election of Governor this year but one fourth part of the Senate are elected each year; that branch of the Legislature therefore, and the Governor remain in the hands of the Democracy.

This result so inauspicious and to many so unexpected, will very naturally be a subject of great congratulation among our opponents, and we may expect to be saluted for some weeks with the noisy shouts of triumph from that quarter. Indeed those doleful croakers at the distress and poverty of the times, in our own immediate neighborhood, have already amused themselves and us, with the merry sound of the cannon. Uninfluenced by these innocent and harmless evidences of triumph, we shall proceed to state very briefly what we believe to have been the causes and what we believe will be the issue of the late untoward campaign in N. York.

One cause was the too great confidence of our friends, inspired by the known attachment of the people of that State to Mr. VAN BUREN and his long tried and overwhelming popularity. Trusting to this our friends have relaxed something of their activity and a great deal of their discipline, suffering themselves to be divided and to be defeated in many counties merely by running two tickets. Another cause was the temporary embarrassment occasioned by the withdrawal (which will in many cases prove a final withdrawal) of a portion of the party headed by Senator Tallmadge and styling themselves Conservatives. This portion of the party consists, in the main, of its worst and most corrupt members, and their secession will in the end contribute to its permanent prosperity. But for the moment its effect has been disastrous, and was greatly increased by the fact that down to the very last moment they concealed their treacherous design, by deceptive protestations of their continued attachment to the Administration. Now at length exposed and detected, they have lost their principal power of doing mischief and must soon suffer the inevitable fate of political treachery and profligacy. A third cause was the unparalleled zeal of the Federalists, goaded to madness by the decisive rejection by Congress of their favorite scheme of a national Bank and inspired by the distresses of the times, mainly of their own creation, to make a grand and final push for political power.

And what has been the result of these combined causes? The temporary ascendancy of Federal principles in one branch of the Government of New York. There is nothing in that result to shake our confidence in the permanent attachment of that State to the Republican faith. Its Democracy for the moment checked, are not dismayed nor defeated. Purged of rotten and corrupt members, strong in the possession of principles of intrinsic justice and popularity, and rallying under the banner of a man who can at this moment command a majority of thirty thousand against any competitor, they will take the field at the next election under the favoring influence of returning prosperity and they will infallible triumph.

Our friends in this State, fresh from a partial defeat, similar in some of its causes to that suffered in N. York, will appreciate the force of the suggestions we have made, and will not be discouraged either by the one or the other. They will see abundant proofs of the popularity of the Administration, in its triumphs in Pennsylvania, Maryland, Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, Arkansas and Vermont, and in the immense accessions to its support throughout the whole South. But above all, confiding in the wisdom of its policy and in the intelligence of the people, they will not suffer themselves to be dismayed or disheartened by temporary and local reverses.—*The Age.*



## DEATH OF MR. LOVEJOY.

The Mayor of Alton has published an account of the recent riot there, from which it appears that the abolitionists were the first to resort to fire arms, and that at the first discharge one of them killed a Mr. Bishop. The Cincinnati Whig says the first gun was fired by Lovejoy himself. After stating some preliminary circumstances the Mayor says:—

"About ten o'clock at night, 20 or 30 persons appeared at the south end of the warehouse, and gave some indications of an attack. Mr. W. S. Gilman, from the third story of the warehouse addressed those without, and urged them to desist, and at the same time informed them that the persons in the warehouse were prepared, and should endeavor, to protect their property, and that serious consequences might ensue. Those without demanded the press, and said they would not be satisfied until it was destroyed; said they did not wish to injure any person, or other property, but insisted on having the press. To which Mr. G. replied that the press could not be given up. The persons outside then repaired to the north end of the building, and attacked the building by throwing stones, &c. and continued their violence for 15 or 20 minutes, when a gun was fired from one of the windows of the warehouse, and a man named Lyman Bishop was mortally wounded. He was carried to a surgeon's office, and the mob withdrew and dispersed, with the exception of a small number. Upon the first indication of disturbance I called on the civil authorities most convenient, and repaired with all despatch to the scene of action. By this time the firing from the warehouse and the consequent death of one of their number, [Bishop died soon after he had received the shot,] had greatly increased the excitement, and added to the numbers of the mob. Owing to the late hour of night, but few citizens were present at the onset, except those engaged in the contest. Consequently the civil authorities could do but little towards dispersing the mob, except by persuasion. A large number of people soon collected around me. I was requested to go to the warehouse, and state to those within that those outside had resolved to destroy the press, and that they would not desist until they had accomplished their object; that all would retire until I should return, which request was made by acclamation, and all soon retired to await my return.

I was replied to by those within the warehouse that they had assembled there to protect their property against lawless violence, and that they were determined to do so. The mob began again to assemble with increased numbers, and with guns and weapons of different kinds. I addressed the multitude and commanded them to desist and to disperse, to which they listened attentively and respectfully, but to no purpose—a rush was now made to the warehouse, with the cry of "fire the house," "burn them out," &c. The firing soon became fearful and dangerous to the contending parties—so much so that the further interposition on the part of the civil authorities and citizens was believed altogether inadequate and hazardous in the extreme—no means were at my control, or that of any other officer present, by which the mob could be dispersed and the loss of life and the shedding of blood prevented. Scenes of the most daring recklessness and infuriated madness followed in quick succession. The building was surrounded and the inmates were threatened with extermination and death in its most frightful form imaginable. Every means of escape by flight was cut off. The scene now became one of the most appalling and heart rending interest. Fifteen or twenty citizens, among whom were some of our most worthy and enterprising, were apparently doomed to an unenviable and inevitable death if the flames continued.

About the time the fire was communicated to the building, Rev. E. P. Lovejoy, (late editor of the Observer,) received four balls in his breast, near the door of the warehouse, and fell a corpse in a few seconds; two others from the warehouse were wounded. Several persons engaged in the attack were severely wounded; the wounds, however, are not considered dangerous. The contest had been raging for an hour or more, when the persons in the warehouse, by some means, the exact manner of which I have not been able to ascertain, intimated that they would abandon the house and press, provided they were permitted to depart unmolested. The doors were thrown open and those within retreated down Front street. Several guns were fired upon them while retreating, and one individual had a narrow escape—a ball passed through his coat near his shoulder.

A large number of persons now rushed into the warehouse, threw the press upon the wharf, where it was broken in pieces and thrown into the river. The fire in the roof of the warehouse was extinguished by a spectator, who deserves great praise for his courageous interference, and but little damage was done by it to the building. No disposition seemed to be manifested to destroy any other property in the warehouse. Without further attempts at violence the mob now dispersed, and no further open indications of disorder or violence have been manifested.

The Cincinnati Whig states in addition that— "While one of the multitude was ascending a ladder placed against the side of the building, Lovejoy, and one of his friends, made their appearance at the door, and fired at the man on the ladder. At this moment some one of the crowd fired upon Lovejoy, who immediately fell, having four bullets lodged in his breast."

## FARMERS! LOOK OUT!

We learn that the New York Flour Specu-

tors have sent their agents into this State to buy up the wheat preparatory to another villainous speculation in bread stuffs, and that those agents are traversing the Eastern section of the State for that purpose. One cargo of wheat, we are informed, has already been shipped from Bangor. Should the speculators be successful, there can be little doubt that the price of flour will be as high as it was last winter. Let the farmers beware of these speculators, who intend to buy up wheat cheap, and sell it dear. We advise the farmers not to sell to these travelling generators of famine, but to hold on to their wheat—they will be sure to realize the worth of it, and even more than the speculators can afford to give, for they will not buy expect at such rates as will enable them to pay the expenses of their agents, and to realize immense profits into the bargain. Do not sell them a bushel of wheat short of two dollars, hard currency. Maine has, the present season, raised bread stuffs enough for her own consumption—let us keep them to ourselves, and not by parting with them now, subject ourselves to the necessity of buying an inferior article, late in the season, at a greatly advanced price.

We tremble when we think of the aggregate of suffering which these speculators, if successful, will bring on the community. We trust that no citizen of Maine will be so lost to all sense of propriety as to become their agent—but if any do, and we can ascertain the fact, amid the sufferings which their success will generate, we will point the starving poor to the man through whose instrumentality their children are forced to go to bed hungry.—Eastern Argus.

From the Saco Democrat.

## PRICES OF BREAD STUFFS.

We could hope that the desire for speculation so generally prevalent, might find ample means for exercise, without interfering with the 'staff of life.' But we cannot close our eyes to the fact, that this State is at present infested with a band of eager speculators, who are purchasing every bushel of grain they can get, for the purposes of exportation, and notwithstanding the large quantity of grain raised the past season, the price of flour is not only kept high, but is actually increasing. From the best information we can gather, it appears that these agents are employed by companies of capitalists whose motive is to get the bread stuffs of the country in a few hands, and, by this means, control the market and regulate the price to suit themselves. Is not this a monopoly of the most odious and execrable character? The fruits of the untiring industry of the farmer, upon which the community depend for subsistence, are wrested from him, at a low rate, by the selfish and calculating, and are disposed of to the people at such exorbitant prices as their grasping spirits may dictate. The Maine Pilot has the following apposite remarks upon this subject:—

"Prices of Bread Stuff." There was a hope, interred from the abundant harvests of the past season, that the prices of bread stuffs would fall this autumn, so that the poor could be supplied, but things do not look like it now. How it should be, that amidst an abundance of subsistence, when too, money is so very scarce, such high prices should be sustained, is a mystery which we do not profess to be able to solve, unless it be on the supposition that the speculators are adroitly at work to monopolize the market. We have heard something of this kind. It is said there are speculators now abroad in the different counties of our State, buying up the wheat at a great rate. This is done to secure large profits to themselves at the expense of consumers. If so they ought to be exposed.

**New Emission.**—Counterfeit Bills of the denomination of two dollars on the Eagle Bank, Boston, are in circulation. Letter A. dated March 16th 1836, signed John J. Fiske, Cashier, Titus Wells, President, and payable to P. Hambleton. Plate, Perkins's stereotype, paper light color and rather coarse. Impression blurred and irregular. Signatures, a good imitation.—Boston Gazette.

**Shipwreck and Loss of Lives.**—Capt. Humphrey, of the brig Trim, of Portland, which arrived yesterday, has brought in Capt. Warren Chase, Jr. late master and only survivor of the crew of the schr. Content, of Dennis. Capt. Chase states that he sailed from Saco on the afternoon of the 13th inst. with a cargo of boards, bound to Providence. R. I. having on board besides himself, Daniel B. Chase, (brother of the captain,) of Dennis, aged 20, Mate—John Dorey, of North Providence, aged about 20—George Raymond, of New Bedford, aged 16—and Gilbert Sawyer, of Saco, passenger, aged about 30 years. That on the morning of the 14th inst. judging Cape Cod to bear west 10 or 12 miles distant, he hoisted the vessel to under a double-reefed foresail, with her head to the south eastward—at that time the wind was blowing very heavy from E. N. E. accompanied with hail and snow.

Shortly afterwards the vessel sprung a leak, when he commenced heaving off the deck load. After heaving it off down to the gunwale he found the water increasing, and set all hands to pumping and bailing. At 5 P. M. the water being two feet above the cabin floor, found it impossible to save the vessel—and at 12, midnight, the vessel capsized, and in a few minutes the masts went by the board, and the remaining part of the deck load washed off—when she righted, the sea making a breach over her. At the time she went over, all excepting the captain were down below. Daniel B. Chase made a spring up the companion way; the others below cut the lashings of the dead-light,

and got out of the cabin windows. Capt Chase seeing them endeavoring to swim to get hold of the vessel, with difficulty succeeded in getting hold of John Dorey, and hauled him on board; but the others not getting near enough for him to reach them, were drowned. At 8 A. M. the 15th, Daniel B. Chase died, through fatigue, and from having been exposed to the constant breaking of the sea, and extreme coldness of the weather. At 9 A. M. of the same day, J. Dorey died, leaving Capt Chase the only one remaining.

On Thursday, the 16th inst. at 5 P. M. Chatham bearing WNW, 43 miles, was fallen in with by the ship Macedonia, Capt. Minot, from Portland bound to Savannah, and relieved from his perilous situation, after having been on the wreck three days, and constantly wet, and not having a morsel of food during the time. He states that when they took him off, he was in a state of helplessness—his arms and legs were very much swollen and bruised—so that he was almost in a state of insensibility. On the afternoon of the 18th. lat. 39° 20', lon. 70° the Macedonia fell in with the brig Trim, Capt. Humphrey, from Havana, bound to Boston, by whom he was received on board and conveyed to this place.—Portland Argus.

**CONVENTION OF MEN OF BUSINESS.** A general convention of business men was held in Philadelphia on the 15th inst. Numerous resolutions were adopted—among them, one provided for the appointment of a committee to prepare and publish an address to the citizens of the United States in relation to the objects of the convention—and the following:—

"Resolved, That the convention recommend to the Congress of the United States to discontinue the sale of public lands—to have the same surveyed and laid off in lots of about forty or fifty acres each—and that one such lot be given to each person who shall cultivate it and make permanent settlement thereon.

That all persons who shall take up their residences on such lots, on entering their intentions at the nearest land office, shall be entitled to a certificate of such entry; and at the expiration of five years from that time, shall receive a deed of such lot, provided they shall have continued to reside on and cultivate the same during that period.

Aliens, who may desire to become citizens of the United States, may take possession of and enter lots as aforesaid—and on receiving deeds of their lots at the expiration of five years, may become citizens of the United States, on making the usual declarations.

The heirs of such persons as may die before the expiration of their respective terms shall be entitled to all the rights of the persons whom they represent.

From the Eastern Argus.

"It is a fact, now for the first time made public, in the second volume of Davis' Life of Burr, that Jefferson's first election to the office of President of the United States, was compassed by a fraud of his own commission, in the canvassing of the votes of the States, before the two Houses of Congress. But for this fraud, neither Jefferson nor Burr, but Charles Cotesworth Pickney, would have been elected.—N. Y. Com."

It will take more than the simple *edit* of Burr's Biography, endorsed by the editor of the Commercial, to convince us that this 'fact' is not a *federal* fact, i. e., a *federal* slander.—It is so completely a piece with the usual federal slang in relation to Mr. Jefferson, that it occasions no surprise, particularly as it appears in a paper which has but recently denounced the late NATHANIEL MACON, as a demagogue and Jacobin! We believe that Mr. Jefferson was as pure a patriot as ever breathed, and the American citizen who would calumniate, as the Commercial has, the author of the Declaration of Independence, would do almost any act to compass party ends, which might be required by the most abandoned member of the party whose avowed motto is that "all is fair in politics."

P. S. The Salem Gazette, a federal paper, copies the paragraph from the Commercial, and says:—

"This assertion of Mr. Davis needs further proof than he adduces—he says an anonymous gentleman informed him that another anonymous gentleman asserted that it was true;—but if it be true, it is easy to refer to the record proof on file of the archives of the nation."

From the Saco Democrat.

## THE REWARD OF TREASON.

"They love the treason but despise the traitor." The truth of this extract is very forcibly illustrated in the manner in which the whigs are disposing of their new friends, the Conservatives, in New York. On the eve of the election—the 'dear Conservatives'—the 'abused, persecuted, and patriotic Conservatives' were called upon to unite with their old opponents against the democratic ticket. The election has resulted in the premature triumph of federalism—through the agency of these traitors—and now the whigs are denouncing them, and warning the people to beware of their influence in the Legislature.

The New York Courier and Enquirer takes up the charge, and sounds the alarm, and says: "There are among them, (the Conservatives,) leaders whom treachery itself could not trust," and asks, after enumerating all the sins which can be alleged against these quasi-democrats—"Can such men be received into full communion with the whigs. Can we ever forget how much through their agency we have been made to suffer—and how with cold-blooded malignity they rejoiced in the misery and wretchedness that surrounded them, because through that

misery and wretchedness they wrought their own destruction? Excellent! Beautiful!—Sublime! After alluring these poor fellows away from their first love to treat them thus, is kind, and generous indeed.

Again, says the Courier: "There is no question that some of the profligate leaders, among a party generally high minded and honorable, have deserted the administration only on the most narrow and selfish inducements."

Here is a compliment where we had little right to expect any thing but abuse—the Democratic party is conceded to be 'generally high minded and honorable,' by a paper not remarkably choice in epithets and denunciations, and which has poured more vindictive abuse upon it, than any other in the country. But the profligate leaders, have deserted this 'high minded and honorable party,' and are now aspiring to obtain the highest honors of federalism. Is it not a subject for congratulation, that these profligate leaders have deserted, and the party stands purified from its corruption? We rejoice that the whigs understand and appreciate the motives of their treacherous allies, in uniting themselves to the party. These men had rather reign in darkness than serve in light—they were scouted from the democracy, for their utter want of principle,—and have sought the refuge of federalism, apprehending, that they would mend their broken fortunes, and again regain 'the rights of the ascendant.' But the alarm has sounded—they are branded as traitors, and denounced, by the very party who received them with open arms, as profligate and unworthy of confidence.

## ON FORD DEMOCRAT.

Paris, November 28, 1837.

The late elections have resulted in the triumph of the Banks. The aristocracy of wealth has gained a temporary victory, the ultimate result of which will be any thing but pleasant or beneficial to it. The federal party have procured the aid of all those professed democrats whom the wealth or influence of Banks could persuade or terrify. We are in fact stronger without such men than we could be with them. There is between us and them an essential difference of principle, which it is vain to attempt to reconcile. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." The rights of the people and the privileges of the Banks are at variance with each other.—They have violated their charters and set the laws of the land at defiance. A federal Legislature may sustain them in this, but the people will yet call them to account. The day of retribution will yet come. There is a spirit of investigation and enquiry abroad in the land which cannot be quelled or evaded. We are for regulating and not destroying our Banks, but if they are not regulated they will be destroyed. The people have learned some lessons which will not be soon forgotten. They have yet more to learn and suffer before they can be free. They do not deserve the name of freemen who tremble at the rich man's frown, or who can be bribed or forced by the promises or threats of moneyed institutions. When will people learn that their tyrants are in fact their servants—that they have only to assert their rights in order to break the rod of the oppressor. Let the Bank party go on—let them repeat the small bill law, thus destroying all the hopes of introducing a specie circulation in the ordinary transactions of business—let them legalize the suspension of specie payments by the Banks, and say that corporations are not bound to redeem their promises, and that their charters may be violated with impunity, and justify it all by the plea of necessity—a necessity created by these very delinquent Banks. This cannot endure nor be endured. You must take away intelligence from the people before you can induce them to submit to the exploded doctrines of olden times. They will not always be content with the empty boasts of equal rights and privileges. They will require the theory to be reduced to practice. And when this is done federalism will be exploded and democracy will triumph.

THE STANDARD. We have received the first number of a new paper printed at Portland, in this State, called the Standard. It is published under the direction of a committee of the democracy of Portland. In its principles it is entirely and decidedly democratic. Of course it is Anti-Bank and Anti-Conservative as the Bank democrats call themselves. It advocates rotation in office, and is in favor of limiting the tenure of the judicial office. It sustains the measures and principles of the present national government and the doctrine of the President's late message to Congress. In all these things it will meet the approbation of the democracy of our State. The first number contains much original matter written in a clear and forcible style.

The price is \$2 per annum, payable in advance.

At the Court of Common Pleas recently held at this place, Stephen Henry Chase of Fryeburg, Charles Andrews of Turner, and Asa W. True of Portland, were admitted to practice as attorneys in said Court.

We omitted to mention in our last paper that Mr. Hayford, the federal candidate was elected Representative in the Canton & Jay District. In Hartford & Sumner there is yet no choice.

After a week of warm wet weather we have at last a good old fashioned snow storm which promises sleighing for Thanksgiving.

## THE CONTEST.

The line is drawn; the Rubicon is passed. The question is fairly presented to the country, shall the banks or the people rule? Shall the power of the country—its finances—its prosperity—its glory, be yielded to the tender mercies of soulless corporations, or shall the government, sustained by a well-regulated public opinion, continue to receive the support of a virtuous and intelligent people?

The Democracy, purged from its dross, is rallying under its old standard, rearing its old landmarks, and contending, with earnest zeal, against the old enemy. The pretended friends of the good cause—whose principle was only commensurate with their interest—have, in the moment of its severest trial, deserted the ranks, and transferred their influence which rested like an incubus upon the democracy, to the old tempter. Although appearances seem to present it in the minority, yet, after its motives are understood, and its principles exemplified, it

will again press forward, triumphing over every obstacle, and acquire complete and final success.

This question—shall the banks or the people rule?—is one of deep and engrossing interest. It comes home to the 'business and bosom' of every man in the community, and appeals to the patriotism, and virtue, and intelligence of every citizen. Upon this decision, rests, we verily believe, the future prosperity and safety of the nation. It is a test question. Let it be applied.—Saco Democrat.

From the Bangor Republican.

## PROSCRIPTION AND TOLERATION.

The question is often asked—when the federal party take possession of the power in this State, will they carry out their old doctrine of toleration, or will they adopt the policy they have long condemned in others of "proscription for opinion's sake?" Will the federalists turn about and say, in contradistinction of all their former professions, that "to the victors belong the spoils," and accordingly remove opponents and appoint friends to office—or will they attempt to give some evidence of their former sincerity by sharing the "spoils" with their political foes? There is obviously a difference of opinion among the federalists upon this subject, arising from motives of policy, rather than from feeling or principle, for all the whig leaders would at once upon every democratic from office, if they thought it politic. This is the prevailing feeling—the contest is between feeling and judgment; desire urges, and discretion warns.—Which ultimately triumphs, will depend very much upon circumstances.

The Executive Council will hold the fate of incumbents and x-pertants in their hands—they can take and they can proscribe, if they can control the clamoring of their friends. The wary old, and the ardent young whigs, will strive for a council to suit the respective notions of each. If the experienced, sagacious old whigs succeed in the Council, not many removals will be made at present; if the young working members of the party who have fought for a power for a consideration of the "spoils," succeed, they will make clean work in proscription, and fill every office with work having with a whig. In either event, the moment the whigs take the reins of government, from that moment their downfall commences, for it puts elements in motion which have no "affinities" for each other.

All the offices have unquestionably been promised over and over again to the swarm of hungry expectants. A whig said the other day that there were at least fifty expectants of every office in the State worth enough to keep soul and body together. This famishing troop will make a noise; some will be appeased, but more will invoke imprecations on the heads of those who made them false promises. With an office in prospect, these men have fought like Mus-sulmen, but once disappointed and cheated, they will not enlist for a second crusade, rely on it.

From the Eastern Argus.

## THE ELECTIONS IN MAINE AND NEW YORK.

We take it for granted that reasonable men will concede that the democrats lost the last election in this State through the divisions and lukewarmness which existed in the ranks of their party, and that if another election were to take place tomorrow, it would show a very different result.—Such, at any rate, is the fact. Now the contrast between the result of the elections in 1836 and in 1837, in this State, is much stronger than between the same elections in New York—that is, the apparent federal gain was much greater in this State than in New York, in proportion to the number of inhabitants. In 1830, the whole population of Maine was about 400,000—in 1826, the majority for the democratic candidate for Governor was about 10,000, and in 1837 parties were about equal. The population of New York in 1830, was about 2,000,000—in 1836, Gov. Marcy's majority was about 28,000.—If his majority had been in the same ratio to the population as Gov. Dunlap's was in Maine, it would have been 60,000—so that to make the apparent change as great as it was in this State, the federalists must have 22,000 majority at the present election.—Now the result of the Maine election created no distrust in the minds of the democratic party here as to their ability to carry the State next year, or at any period when they shall come into the field armed—but this fact did not diminish the astonishment with which the democrats had failed to carry the election was known, while the circumstances which served to direct the "federal victory" of all alarming features here, were as a sealed book. The same is undoubtedly true of the New York election, which has produced the same feeling here which the Maine election did there—but which is to be attributed to causes so palpably visible to those who were on the spot, that the result can easily be accounted for by them without supposing any considerable change in public opinion against the democratic party or the general measures of the administration.

We have spoken of the apparent federal gain in both States. We have hitherto conclusively proved by dates and figures, and by such unanswerable facts that even the Gazette has not ventured to contradict us, that the federalists have gained but about FIVE THOUSAND votes in this State since 1834, which is much less than their relative proportion of the gain of population.—We think it much more than probable that when the aggregate of the votes cast in New York is ascertained, such will be found to have been the case there. However, we have no doubt that to answer a particular end, and to make themselves felt in a particular quarter, many democrats in New York voted the federal



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ticket at the late election, who will not so vote at the next election, and who have not the most distant idea of opposing the administration or of joining the federal party. This is evident from the fact that there was no open union with the federalists before the election, (with the exception of a handful of men in the 15th ward in New York city,) and that the federalists as little anticipated their increased vote as did the democrats. If there had been any considerable number of real converts to federalism, they would have shown their hands before election, for effect, if for nothing else—such, however, was not the fact—the federalists, to this day, cannot put their hands on the men who swelled their vote; they know that they gained somewhere, but where that gain came from they cannot tell. The democrats who, to protect certain interests, voted the federal ticket, did so secretly, because they had no idea of forming a permanent union with that party. We have no doubt that the friends and supporters of the administration constitute a large majority of the voters of New York at the present moment—and we have no doubt that the State would, to-morrow, give twenty thousand majority for Mr Van Buren as President, or for Gov. May, were he a candidate for re-election. Whatever the federalists may claim, we are not willing to admit, nor do we warrant the conclusion, that the State of New York is opposed to the administration.

## NEW YORK ELECTION.

From the Evening Post.

"Let those laugh that win" is a common saying, but it wants proof when applied to the exultations of the whig party at their recent victory. Let those laugh who win but once in half a century, say we. Let those who are beaten in a hundred games, and are victorious in only one, kick over tables and break chairs, in the madness of joy at their single success. Even the condemned followers of the lost Archangel in Milton, on the occasion of some su posed advantage, sent up

"A shout that tore hell's concave, and beyond,  
Frighed the realms of Chaos and old Night."

True, the victory which the whigs have won in the recent contest in this city, is snatched and soiled by the foul means they have employed to obtain it—but let that pass—it is the only victory they have gained for years—it is dirty and deformed, but it is the sole fruit of many successive Olympiads of hard and almost hopeless struggles. Well may they prize it, were it merely for its rarity. It is in fact a kind of curiosity. The witch Syracus loved not her only offspring Caliban the less because he was lonesome and disesteemed—half human and half brute.

But the triumph of the disfranchisers, the enemies of general liberty, the triumph of those who distrust and despise the people, cannot endure long. It avails not for their speakers to rise at their meeting and cant about the largest freedom. We know them well; we know what measures they support.

All the friends of a latitudinarian construction of the federal constitution, which cunningly seeks to steal from the people powers which they never conceded, belong to the whig party. All the friends of a national bank, who hold that the general government may and ought to create corporations endowed with peculiar and exclusive privileges, belong to the whig party. All the friends of the impure and dangerous union of banks and state—the men who hold that the public funds should be lavished on the banks—belong to the whig party; they act with the whig party in this city—they act with it throughout the state. All the disfranchisers, the men who seek to limit the political rights of what they call the lower classes by requiring a property qualification, or the qualification of American birth, belong to the whig party.

Is such a party one can long maintain the ascendancy?

The successes which have been achieved by the whig party in the present election, are owing to the friends of the banks. The mighty influence of the moneyed corporations has been suddenly thrown into the whig scale. From being nominal members of the democratic party, because it was the party which had the majority, and because they believed that they might gain something from it by their intrigues, they have all at once either gone over openly to the whig party, or secretly operated against the democratic ticket. They have done this because they could no longer manage the democratic party, and despaired of moulding it to their will. The BANKING POWER, by a mighty exertion, has revolutionized the State.

Let us give thanks that while we are struggling for the divorce of bank and state, we have at length seen our party divorced from its fatal connection with bank influence. Let us take for our motto—IT IS BETTER TO BE BEATEN THAN CORRUPTED.

It now remains for us to seek to give our party its best organization, and to address ourselves with courage and hope to the great and never ending contest for principles.

We extract from the address of the new proprietors of the Saco Democrat, the following just remarks, which we commend to the attention of our readers, and more particularly to that of some of our contemporaries:—

"Democracy gathers, under its protecting wing, the interests of the whole people. The protection of one class has usually been the protection of the mercantile, as well as the agricultural and manufacturing interests—but not granting to the first, those privileges which are justly the property of the other classes. Has not the farmer, who cultivates the soil—and the mechanic who converts the rude material into ar-

ticles of necessity or luxury—thereby adding to the real wealth of the country—have not these men as much right to demand the particular assistance of legislation, as the merchant, who is merely the agent in disposing of the fruits of their industry? Democracy answers in the affirmative—but while it would yield to the farmer and mechanic the protection of their natural and political rights, it would not strip the merchant of those immunities which are naturally and politically his.

Neither does the principle of democracy engender an envious spirit between the different interests, in arraying the poor against the rich, and exciting the hatred of the rich against the poor, nor would it wrest from the hand of industry and frugality, the reward of its honest labor. It would protect every man, in the quiet possession of his rights, while it would leave every avenue for the honest acquisition of wealth, unrestricted and open to the enterprise of all classes or individuals, is an infraction of the spirit of justice, and opposed to the conservative principle of equality. Hence, democracy demands a reform in the banking system, not from its enmity to banks merely, but because they are sometimes used by designing speculators to depreciate the real wealth of the country, and give an artificial value to that which has no true basis."

From the Salem Advertiser.

In 1836 Mr Van Buren in his letter to Sherrod Williams, said that whilst there is in any quarter, reason to hope that a charter for a new Bank can in any condition of the country, be obtained from the federal government, there will be neither order nor stability in the pecuniary operations of the country. If it can be ascertained that a discredited currency and pecuniary embarrassments will bring a charter, what security have we that such a state of things will not be produced? The democracy may rely on it, that so long as the federalists entertain a hope to resuscitate their darling institution, to restore their overthrown Mammon to its pedestal the country will be filled lamentations of distress.

The real malady which the federalists is the repeated expression of the popular voice against these institutions. They can flourish only in times of panic and pecuniary calamity. In this unpropitious hour they have but too well succeeded in the State of New York, in their schemes of panic and deceit. The loud bird screams in the storm. The Harpies have polluted the Banquet of Democracy, in another short year the monetary storm will cease. The tables will be cleansed of their pollution. We shall turn what now seems danger to delight. Let us go back to 1813. The democracy of N. York then stood in the relation to the British government and its co-operators, as they now stand towards the Banking system. The federalists by their devices and frauds, by magnifying the distresses of the country, by appealing to the worst passions, and servile fears of the community, gained a triumph in that State and in the years 1813 and 1814 held the political power of that assembly and opposed every measure of the Senate. Where was Martin Van Buren. Opposing as he is now their flagitious schemes and dispelling the gloom which the wickedness of federalism had created. He wrote an address to the Republican Electors in which he said, "the most potent spell which has been resorted to, to alarm your fears, and pervert your understandings in the alleged distresses of your country. No falsehood is considered too glaring, no misrepresentation too flagitious, to impose on your credulity. Among the most important charges is enmity to your commerce."

He stands now exactly in the same position towards federalism as he did then, only he is engaged with a worse and more dangerous enemy. In 1815 the Democracy again triumphed.—a potent spell of panic and distress ceased, and the great State of New York returned to the ranks of Democracy, where she has remained to this day.

The federal triumph of 1837 will be as short as was that of 1813. The crippled speculators and overtraders, the Banks and other servile dependents, the whole swarm of paper-winged insects, that have glittered and buzzed in the wintry sunbeam of false credit will disappear. A wholesome atmosphere of well regulated credit will succeed, and federalism will then discover that its schemes of power through the avenues of the Banking system will be as unavailing against the administration, as was its untimely alliance with the British in the war of 1812. The real crisis has just arrived. There are men seemingly men who would wish for no change in the monetary circulation of the country, and who would the Banks as they are, and continue the lease of paper credit for their whole lives. Some of these are the eager, active politicians of the day. The conduct of the Banks has received the condemnation of the people, yet we see the fomenters and agitators of panic canvassing for and electing Bank officers to the Legislature who have defied the laws under the protection of a charter, which if it had been done by an individual should have subjected him to punishment and disgrace. The people will not substitute here for patriotism, and fraud or honesty. We warn them against a certain set of men who take a position in the democratic ranks; who under a show of moderation, or of neutrality, or of compromise, are the panders or sycophants of the moneyed power, and who have a concerted plan of signals with the enemies of democracy.

The democracy will triumph in this great and terrible struggle. The warfare will be hot, Energy, firmness and activity will ensure us the victory.

Advantages of being ruined.—To be ruined sounds very terribly; but in truth, like death,

its pain is most in apprehension. It is positively nothing when you are used to it; on the contrary, it brings with it peculiar advantages. The man who is once completely ruined, is freed from all anxiety concerning the future. He is, in fact, the only independent man. He may proceed carelessly along; Fortune has no arrow in her quiver for him. He may sing before the robber, and rub his skirts against a pickpocket without compunction. The inside or the outside of a prison are all one to him.—He may eat and drink merrily (when he can) without the darning anticipation of the bill. If the nation were over head and ears in debt, he need not care a button. If every State in the Union becomes insolvent, and every bank stopped payment, he would be no loser. Shipless, he is richer than Astor with his care earned millions; powerless, he is happier than the despot enthroned upon the liberties of his country. Such is the man on ruined fortunes.

He whose constitution is ruined is equally well off. He pays nothing to doctors; he is placed beyond the efficacy and expense of medicine; he may indulge himself in excess of every kind with impunity—for he cannot be worse than he is. He may swallow without fear, fish, fowl, and flesh, for there is no hope. He may drink out, if he will, the wide ocean.

Lastly, the man whose reputation is demolished, may laugh at libels, and set slander at defiance.—Moreover, he may indulge in the utmost latitude of speech, for nothing that he says can injure himself or others. He can be no blacker than he is, and his breath is too light to sully the fair character of another. Here is negative virtue in perfection—to do no harm to your neighbor or yourself. But the man of no repute can do more than this; he can be actively virtuous, for his evil word will be serviceable to others.

I conclude, then, that to be ruined in fortune is good, to be ruined in health is good, to be ruined in reputation is good; but to be ruined in all three is the summit of human happiness.

What's a name!—According to the Argus the vast majority of the people of this State are federalists. Whether they will like the name or not, we cannot well say. We prefer the title of Democratic Whig—it sounds fresh and racy.—*Albany Daily Adv.*

The federalists find to their sorrow that there is no name capacious enough to cover the unpopularity of their party. We protest against allowing them to change their cognomen every six months, and most emphatically against their soiling that of democrat by using it to patch up the holes in their political wardrobes. Let us stick to old political names—abide by old principles—call our opponents by their true name, federalists. The court, if it can find out the real name of a culprit who comes before it with a dozen aliases, tries him by it, and disregards his claim to a new christening—the political culprit who are now attempting to steal our good name should be tried and condemned to the hulks under their old cognomen—let us know no political distinctions save those of democrat and federalist, and draw the lines accordingly.—*Eastern Argus.*

## CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

There is much truth mingled with much severity, in the following characteristic extracts from Snellings's Morning News. The error complained of, is more prevalent than many are willing to allow, and deserves to be corrected: "Every old thinks its own bird the handsomest," says the old saw, and a very true one it is. Why a pettifogger, a divine without call or hearers or a quack without patients should be considered higher in the scale of society than an industrious, honest ploughman or mechanic we never could guess, but so it is. There are very few who are satisfied with their own calling and lot in life, and the instinct which man shares in common with the brute, prompts him to try his utmost to place his offspring higher than himself. Here poor reason fails and succumbs to the power of instinct, and paternal love is more injurious to its object than the most bitter hate. Every parent whose bones have

highly ached on his return from his daily toil, wishes to place his son beyond necessity of the task himself has found so grievous. How fondly they mistake the essentials of human happiness and misery? Ah, how much easier it is to chop and pile two cords of wood in the twelve hours than to write two pages of matter, or, far easier yet, to observe the diagnostics of the mind, so often mistaken for physical necessity! How little do the unthinking world dream of the unremitting intellectual labor of the professional man, begun at day break and ending at sunset or even interrupted by sleep! How few know that the brain feasts at the author or editor goes to bed worse wearied than the wood sawyer! God forbid that a child of ours should ever depend on his wit for his bread.

Not one in twenty is born a genius or even a man of talent—that is, with a degree of talent far beyond the rest of his kind. Still, every one has a superior capacity for some particular pursuit—the difficulty is in discovering the direction of the latent power. The world has placed a false estimate on the rank of occupations, and we see the unproductive classes increasing far beyond the possibility of getting honest bread in consequence. There are ten lawyers to one client, ten physicians to one patient, ten clergymen to one hearer. When will stupid industry be honored and stupid learning despised as they respectively ought to be? "Would that my enemy might write a book!" said the Athenians. "Would that the son of my money may devote him to intellectual pursuits," said a devotee. It is the same thing as wishing him doomed to a life

of disappointment, vexation, brain fever and unrequited toil.

The stage is a poor, beggarly trade, the pulpit affords only the facility of marrying a rich maid or widow—army ditto—Law, good Lord!—physic, throw it to the dogs—literature, horse-whip your son if he show any taste for it—poetry blow out his brains at once. There are exceptions as there are prizes in a lottery, but, as a general rule, a lad bids fairer for comfort and respectability who crosses his legs on a tailor's shop board or swings, a sledge, than he who goes to college.

A Vermont editor has married a woman by name of Silver. Specie currency.

## BUFFALO ROBES!

JUST received, and for sale by the subscriber, cheap. W. E. GOODNOW, if 15

Norway, Nov. 25, 1837.

## Advertisement.

CALVIN BUCKNAM, of Hebron, Oxford County, has this day committed to me the subscriber, a Black Mare, about 12 or 13 years old, to be impounded, which Mare the said Bucknam took up in his enclosure in Hebron as an estray, on Wednesday the 22d inst.—The owner is requested to take her away and pay what is legally and justly demandable.

CORNELIUS BARROWS, Pound Keeper of Hebron, Nov. 26, 1837. 3w14

## India Rubber Over Shoes,

JUST received, and for sale by the subscriber. W. E. GOODNOW, if 15

Norway, Nov. 25, 1837.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.—DESSANE. NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident proprietors and owners of land in the town of Denmark in the County of Oxford and State of Maine that the same are taxed for the year A. D. 1837 in the bills committed to the undersigned for collection.

Owner's Names	No. of Lots	No. of Acres	Value.	Tax.	Deficient	Total.
James Osgood,	2	2	130 260	3.50		
" "	3	3	120 175	2.36		
" "	4	4	30 30	.63		
" "	11	11	35 35	.87		
" "	17	17	173 179	2.41		
" "	2	2	6 49	.66		
" "	3	3	67 67	.89		
" "	46	46	95 100	1.35		
" "	5	5	50 75	1.01		
" "	10	10	100 100	1.35		
" "	20	20	20 50	.67		
" "	70	70	80 1.03	16.28		
" "	100	100	250 3.37	3.37		
Phineas Ingalls,	" "	" "	175 175	2.36		
John Pike, part of	" "	" "	123 125	1.69		
Dauger Meadow, J	" "	" "	100 100	1.35		
Ellen Hubbard, do.	" "	" "	21 21	2.02 1.58		
Stephen Fessie,	" "	" "	21 100 100	1.35		
" "	" "	" "	100 100	1.35		
" "	" "	" "	100 100	1.35		
John K. Pike,	1-2 35	50 40	50 40	.54		
Hugh Bennett, part of	1-4 38	50 30	50 30	.41		
Towl & Gordon,	1-3 36	13 3-17	23 23	.33		
Amos & Eleazar	" "	" "	26 26	.35		
Barnard,	" "	" "	100 100	1.35		
do. Orchard land,	" "	" "	100 100	1.35		
Abraham York,	10	100 70	34 31 1.35			
Henry Carson Jordan farm,	" "	" "	50 100 1.35	45 1.30		
Levi Brown, & Co.	" "	" "	175 300 4.05	1.35 5.40		
part of College lot,	" "	" "	71 325 4.30	4.30		
High Bennett, part of	" "	" "	23 11 1.15	.15		
E. Berry farm,	" "	" "	38 30 4.1	.41		
Samuel Stickney, Boston	" "	" "	55 150 2.02	2.02		
Pond lot,	" "	" "	100 100 1.35			
James Walker, Jr. Guardian,	" "	" "	100 100 1.35			
joining Pleasant Pond,	" "	" "	25 25 3.4	3.04		
Southen & Weston, Daniel	" "	" "	37 1-2 75 1.01	1.01		
Lot lot,	" "	" "	100 100 1.35			
Nathan Church, Walker lot,	" "	" "	100 100 1.35			
do Pleasant lot No. 5,	" "	" "	100 100 1.35			
do Gore of land joining	" "	" "	25 25 3.4	3.04		
E. W. Osgood,	" "	" "	37 1-2 75 1.01	1.01		
Nathaniel Hale, 1-2 51	" "	" "	100 100 1.35			
Sawyer & Chase,	" "	" "	25 20 3.7	.36		
owner unknown,	" "	" "	18 15 20			
Lyder P. Poor, 1-4 11	" "	" "	25 20 3.7	.36		
" "	" "	" "	18 15 20			
" "	" "	" "	25 20 3.7	.36		
" "	" "	" "	18 15 20			
Alex'r B. Bradley, 1-4 7	" "	" "	25 20 3.7	.36		
" "	" "	" "	18 15 20			
" "	" "	" "	25 20 3.7	.36		
" "	" "	" "	18 15 20			
Elis Busher, Osgood land,	1000	5000 75.00	75.00			
1-2 Boston Hills,	" "	" "	500 1000 13.50	13.50		
Mark Deering farm,	" "	" "	61 350 4.72	4.72		
Andrew C. Lord,	38	100 275 3.71	1.00 5.01			
Philip Richardson part of	" "	" "	20 30 4.1	.41		
Tedwell lot	" "	" "	172 335 4.39	4.39		
Pingree land,	" "	" "	unk. 250 327	29 4.19		
Joshua H. Maran, part of	" "	" "	unk. 250 327	29 4.19		
do. 41 and house	" "	" "	unk. 250 327	29 4.19		
Unless the above taxes and costs are paid on or before the first Monday of March next at ten o'clock, J. M. so much of each said lot of land will be sold at the store of Gibson & Ingalls, in said Denmark, as will be sufficient to discharge said taxes and all necessary costs and charges, Collectors of Denmark.	" "	" "	unk. 250 327	29 4.19		
Nov. 2, 1837.	" "	" "	unk. 250 327	29 4.19		

## BRASS KETTLES.

A Prime assortment of BRASS KETTLES, just received and for sale by the subscriber.—Cheap. W. E. GOODNOW, if 15

Norway-Village, Oct. 2, 1837.

## Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

THE subscribers hereby give public notice that the connection in business heretofore existing between them, under the firm of Brown & Smith, is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

All persons indebted to said firm are requested to make immediate payment.

TITUS O. BROWN, Jr.  
MARK P. SMITH.

Norway, Nov. 7, 1837.

## Administrator's Sale.

TO be sold at Public Vendue at the dwelling house of the subscriber, in Buckfield, by license from the Probate Court for the County of Oxford, on Saturday, the 6th day of December next, at one of the clock P. M., a much of the Real Estate of which Henry Buck, late of Buckfield, deceased, died seized and possessed, as will produce the sum of one hundred and thirty-five dollars and eighty cents, for the payment of his just debts and incidental charges.

MAHALA BUCK, Administrator.  
Buckfield, Nov. 13, 1837. 3 w 14

## TAKEN UP.

CAME into the enclosure of Robert Pike, Tavern keeper at Wells, a black Mare, short switch tail, supposed to be six or seven years old, and committed to me by the said Pike. The owner or owners are requested to prove property, pay charges, and take her away. BENJ. F. PERRY, Pound Keeper.

Wells, Nov. 9, 1837.

To the Honorable Board of Road Commissioners for the County of Oxford to be held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford on the third Tuesday of June 1837.

WE the undersigned would represent that the public accommodation requires, that a new County road, commencing at or near James Walker's Mills in Bethel the road through the southwest corner of Greenwood to Albany line, thence to the county road leading from Bethel Hill to Waterford, near the road leading to Grover's Mills, in Albany, thence near Parson Haskells in Albany, thence near Bell's Mills in Albany, thence through the east part of Stonewall near Hill's Carding Machine, then by Elijah Allens, Esq. in Stonewall, thence to the outlet of Isaac Andrew's pond, so called in Lovel, thence to the road leading from the Sebattus road so called, to John McDaniel's Jr., in Lovel, thence by Jeremiah Garry's, thence by Gibson and Stephen Andrews in Lovel, thence by the Congregational Meeting house on the old town road so called in Lovel, thence by Den. Benjamin Stearns in Lovel, thence by Capt. John Morrills in Lovel, thence to James Walker's in Fryeburg on the county road leading from Paris to Fryeburg.

Wherefore your petitioners pray your Honors after due notice in the premises to view said route and locate said road and as an outlet of it as your Honors should deem most advisable, and as in duty bound will ever pray.

JOSIAH HEALD, & 63 others.

## STATE OF MAINE.

Oxford, ss.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners begun and holden at Paris within and for the County of Oxford on the last Tuesday of October, A. D. 1837.

ON the foregoing Petition, Ordered, that the petitioners give notice to all persons and corporations interested that the County Commissioners will meet at the dwelling house of James Walker in Bethel on Monday the fourth day of June next, at one o'clock A. M., when they will proceed to view the route set forth in the petition; and immediately after such view, at some convenient place in the vicinity, will give a hearing to the parties and their witnesses, by causing attested copies of said Petition and a true Order of Notice thereon to be served on the Clerk's of said towns of Bethel, Greenwood, Albany, Stonewall, Lovel, and Fryeburg, and on the County Attorney of said County of Oxford, and by posting up true copies in three public places in each of said towns of Bethel, Greenwood, Albany, Stonewall, Lovel, and Fryeburg, and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, the first of said publications and each of the other notices to be made, served, and posted, at least, thirty days before the said date of meeting; that all persons interested may then and there appear and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Attest—J. G. COLE, Clerk.  
A true copy of said Petition and Order thereon.

Attest—J. G. COLE, Clerk.

## LEVI STOWELL,

COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

Has removed from Dixfield to Paris.

SATINET from the South Paris Manufacturing Company, constantly on hand and for sale by the subscriber at the Factory Prices.

W. E. GOODNOW, if 15

Norway-Village Feb. 20, 1837.

## Oxford, ss.

To the Hon. Court of Common Pleas next to be holden at Paris within and for said County of Oxford on the fourteenth day of January, next, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven.



